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Daily Mirror

A NOVELTY
in
CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.

(See page 6.)

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SOME OF THE RECIPIENTS.



Major-General Ronald B. Lane,
C.V.O., C.B., to be K.C.V.O.—
(Reinhold, Thiele, and Co.)

A YOUTHFUL POLITICIAN.



The Hon. Neil Primrose, son of
Lord Rosebery, who will speak
against Lord Turnour at to-night's
meeting at Horsham.—(Bassano.)

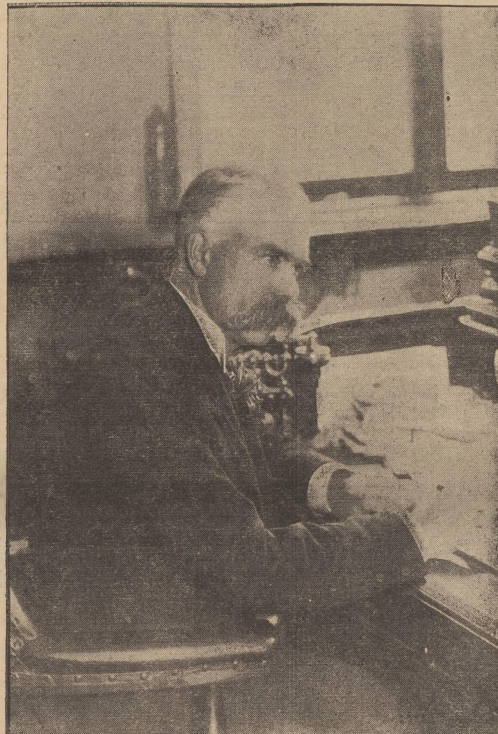
MAIDS-OF-HONOUR.



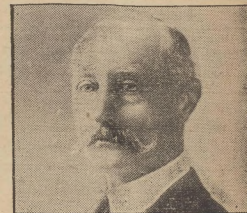
Miss Pound, and—



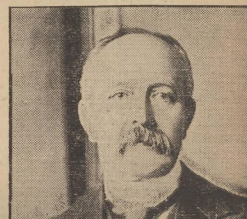
—Miss Annie Pound, who were
maids-of-honour to the new Lady
Mayoress yesterday.



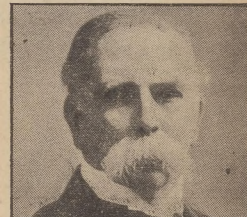
Sir Thomas Pink, a new knight. Sir Thomas is the head of the well-
known Southwark fruit-preserving firm.—(Photograph by Reinhold,
Thiele, and Co.)



A new baronet. Sir James Heath,
M.P.—(Reinhold, Thiele, and Co.)



Sir Montagu F. Ommamney, Per-
manent Under-Secretary of State for
the Colonies, the new G.C.M.G.

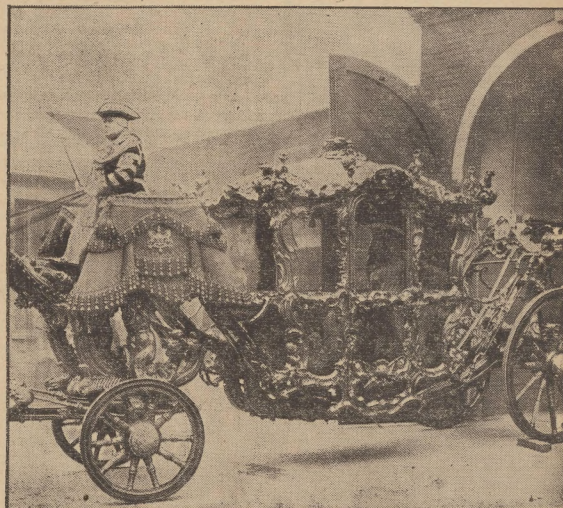


A new knight, Sir Richard M. Beach-
croft.—(Russell.)

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACHMAN AND STATE COACH AT YESTERDAY'S SHOW.



A familiar figure to all Lord
Mayors of London.—(Haines.)



The state coach in which the new Lord Mayor, Alderman Pound, rode in the pro-
cession through London yesterday.—(Haines.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

2. *Other Daily Bargains on page 15.*

LORD LANSDOWNE'S SPEECH.

Guilty Officers of the Baltic Fleet Will Be Fully Punished.

ENGLAND'S DEMANDS.

No Reason Why the World's Peace Should Be Broken.

AMERICA'S FRIENDSHIP.

In the absence of Mr. Balfour, the principal speaker at the Lord Mayor's banquet last night was Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

POINTS FROM LORD LANSDOWNE'S SPEECH.

The great interest of the City was peace—but not peace at any price.

So far as he was able to foresee there was no reason why the peace of the world should not remain unbroken.

They had been face to face with an incident which had moved the country as few other incidents within our recollection had moved them.

They had received from the Russian Government a distinct assurance that the officers detained were those actually implicated.

If other officers were found culpable, those officers also would be adequately punished.

On his arrival in the library for the reception, Lord Lansdowne was very cordially greeted, much interest being felt in his expected statement on the Anglo-Russian situation.

Among others who arrived were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Austen Chamberlain), Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P. (Secretary for War), and Mr. St. John Brodrick, M.P.

Loyal toasts having been responded to, Mr. Sheriff Strong proposed "The Imperial Forces of the Crown," for which Mr. Arnold-Forster and Sir G. VVyvyan responded.

The Lord Mayor then gave "His Majesty's Ministers."

A PACIFIC SPEECH.

Lord Lansdowne plunged at once into the topic of the day, and almost his first word was of a peaceful character.

"Is not," he asked, "the great interest of the City that of peace?"

I don't say that we should think of peace at any price. But we do feel that what was said the other day by a well-known American statesman, I mean Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, is true, that "war is the most futile and the most ferocious of human follies."

Picturing sympathetically the terrible agonies of the war in the Far East, and the remorse which would be felt by Ministers who plunged a country heedlessly into a great struggle, Lord Lansdowne continued:—

It is satisfactory that upon this auspicious day—the birthday of a Sovereign whose personal qualities have done so much to improve the external relations of this country (renewed cheers) I should be able to stand here and tell you not only that the peace of the country is unbroken, but that, so far as I am able to foresee, there is no reason why it should not remain unbroken. (Loud cheers.)

Reference to the international arrangements which have restricted the area of war brought renewed cheering.

ATTACK UNINTENTIONAL.

With this his lordship arrived at the North Sea incident which, he declared, was not "an intentional attack." If it had been the consequences would have been of a kind which he would rather not contemplate. To England it seemed a culpable blunder; "but," said Lord Lansdowne, "I am bound to add that the evidence which has lately come to our knowledge has satisfied us that the Russian Government, in good faith, believed that the facts were of a kind wholly different from what we had supposed them to be."

What could be done? There was the machinery of The Hague Tribunal, and that was set to work, the terms of reference to the Commission would enable it to deal thoroughly with the case. These being agreed upon, there remained, said Lord Lansdowne, an extremely important point.

"As you are aware," he continued, "a certain number of Russian officers were detained at Vigo in order to enable them to appear before the Commission of Enquiry, and it is a matter of common knowledge that surprise has been felt and ex-

Western gales and squally winds; changeable and rather cool; occasional rain. To-day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 5.16 p.m. Sea passages will all be very rough.)

pressed at the smallness of the number of officers thus detained.

"We hold strongly that it was not for us to assume any responsibility for the selection of those officers. That responsibility rests with the Russian Government, and in our belief it would be a very great mistake to relieve them of it.

ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT.

"But we have within the last day or two received from them a distinct assurance that the officers detained were those actually implicated in this disaster, and we have received a fresh supplementary assurance that if it should result from the investigations of the International Commission that other officers were culpable, those officers also will be adequately punished."

Summarising the position, Lord Lansdowne said:—

"We received at once from the Russian Government a full expression of regard for the untoward incident which had taken place. We received from them, further, the promise of full and ample compensation for all those who had suffered. We also obtained from them that they would issue to their fleet instructions of a kind calculated to prevent the recurrence of such incidents, and to secure neutral commerce from risk and inconvenience. Besides that, we have obtained, as I have already told you, a reference to a satisfactory tribunal, and a distinct statement that the persons found by that Commission to be guilty shall be duly punished."

The noble lord proceeded to show how the Government had successfully dealt with the contraband question.

They had succeeded in obtaining the removal from the list of articles absolutely contraband the important category of food stuffs.

Speaking of the growth of the arbitration movement, he said that he had himself signed five treaties during his short term of office.

ARBITRATION WITH UNITED STATES.

"Two other such treaties are in course of negotiation, and only yesterday the American Ambassador came into my room and asked me whether we were prepared to sign a similar treaty with the United States of America."

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Crowds Watch the Passing of the Pageant.

The finest Lord Mayor's Show of recent years yesterday slowly traversed the untagged streets of London.

It passed through great crowds which would have been even larger but for the utter uncertainty of the weather. The rain fell all the morning up to one hour of noon, when the procession, every ordinary member of which was armed with an umbrella or mackintosh, left the Guildhall.

The crowd waited patiently and cheered as the pioneer detachment of City Police, which headed the procession, burst upon its view.

The mounted band of the Royal Artillery Company and the band of the Irish Guards followed, as a prelude to a demonstration of the fire brigades of private firms.

CHEERING THE LIFEBOAT.

The City Companies, each represented by a carriage containing its Master, his chaplain, and gaily-caparisoned beadle and wardens, followed, commissioners bearing the banners of past Masters, adding to the display made by the gorgeous costumes.

Then, after more military bands, came a lifeboat, manned by the Southend-on-Sea lifeboat crew, who were cheered most lustily, and the boys of the Warspite.

After them came four symbolical cars, ambitious attempts to render the glory of four great civilisations—Ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and England.

Great Britain was represented by a car crowned with a very attractive Britannia, a pretty young lady looking somewhat disconsolate with one hand upon her open Bible and the other grasping a trident.

It was nearly two o'clock before the procession had worked its way through the tortuous City streets from the Guildhall to the Law Courts.

The new Lord Mayor paid his usual visit to the Courts where he was received by the Lord Chief Justice, seated in his own court and accompanied by Justices Grantham, Lawrence, Kennedy, Ridley, and Darling.

The Recorder of London presented the new Lord Mayor to their lordships. The Lord Chief Justice, in the course of a formal speech, made reference to a scheme for providing three or four new Law Courts.

The "City Press" published a highly artistic supplement with illustrations of the show and decorations.

An arrangement has been arrived at for the amalgamation of the Midland Counties District Bank, Limited, which has its headquarters at Nottingham, with the Birmingham District and Counties Banking Company.

MONARCHS TO MEET.

Kaiser and Tsar to Hold an Important Conference.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday. — Persistent rumours are current here of an approaching meeting between the Tsar and the German Emperor at Skierniewice, in Poland, to which great interest will attach.

Some accounts state that the meeting will take place in a few days, probably on Friday. The Tsar is reported to have expressed the wish that a particularly cordial reception should be prepared for his guest.

It is hinted that the conference is connected with the situation in the Far East and the North Sea incident, and there are not wanting those who insinuate that some design against England is meditated.

GERMAN PAPER CONFIRMS.

This report is confirmed by the "Berliner Tageblatt," says our Berlin correspondent.

This journal remarks:—

"The supposition that the war in the Far East will be the principal subject of conversation at once suggests itself. The Tsar was driven into the conflict by the war party, and he sees that party feeding the flames, and also moving towards a war with England. It is comprehensible that he is alarmed at the consequences of this action, and cannot conceal from himself how fatal it may be for the well-being of Russia."

"The question arises whether the Emperor Nicholas has changed his mind on the subject of intervention. Perhaps he wishes by personal interview to ascertain how far he may count on the assistance of German diplomacy to put an end to the conflict. In any case we do not doubt that Germany will do everything for Russia that her neutrality permits."

KUROPATKIN'S ANGER.

Savagely Denounces a Regiment That Turned Tail.

The turning point of the battle of Liao-yang was an engagement near Yentai, in which one corps of Kuropatkin's army failed to distinguish itself.

The incident is described in the following passage by Reuter's correspondent:—

The 5th Corps on the left fought an action at Yentai, in which Kuropatkin almost captured the railway station. The 5th Corps is composed of reservists, whose conduct cannot be eulogised.

Three regiments were sent to attack the Japanese in the kowling crops. The Japanese delivered a counter-attack, completely surprising the Russians in the tall stems of the millet.

One of the Russian regiments turned and ran, and the other two became entangled and fought each other.

Kuropatkin the following day paraded the regiment which turned tail. He dismissed with ignominy its commander and second in command. Turning to the officers and men he called them "cowards." "You can only efface this disgrace with your own blood," he said.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S RESOLVE.

Will Not Be Candidate for Presidency Again.

Mr. Roosevelt's handsome victory for Republicanism in the United States Presidential election—unequaled since Lincoln's day—has been attended by tragic rioting in Kentucky and several other States. Yesterday's death-roll is stated by Reuter at ten.

The re-elected President yesterday received a congratulatory telegram from Judge Parker, his opponent, who said: "The people by their votes have emphatically approved your administration."

KAISER CABLES IN LATIN.

During the day President Roosevelt received the following cablegram from the Emperor William:—

"Sincerest congratulations. May Heaven give you prosperity."

"Tuum quod bonum felix faustumque sit populo Americano."

Mr. Roosevelt has himself issued the following statement:—

I am sensible of the honour done me by the American people in thus expressing confidence in what I have done, and what I have tried to do.

I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility the confidence imposes upon me, and shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it.

On March 4 next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term.

Therefore, under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination.

PORT ARTHUR.

Grim Scenes in the Tattered Fortress.

FORTS SILENCED.

Although the latest reports from Port Arthur are conflicting in detail, all point to one main fact.

The defenders are gradually being forced back to the high ground of Liaotshan and the Tiger's Tail peninsula, where they may be expected to make their last stand.

For some time past reports have been coming to hand of scarcity of ammunition among the defenders, and this is emphasised by two of yesterday's messages.

SIEGE HORRORS.

Bodies of the Slain Devoured by Starving Dogs.

CHITU, Wednesday.—Japanese continue to bombard Port Arthur, shells falling incessantly. Russians have practically abandoned repairing works at the harbour. Citizen volunteers and police are now reinforcing garrison.

So many were killed in the last assault that bodies lay unburied for days, and in some cases dogs, driven from the town, assuaged their hunger by eating these bodies, until the horror-stricken Russian sharpshooters killed the animals.

Hardly any shots have been fired from Golden Hill for a month; it is believed ammunition is running short. The Chinese new town has been almost demolished.

The majority of warehouses and stores belonging to foreigners have been burned.—Reuter.

PORT ARTHUR TOWN ABANDONED.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) states that General Stoessel and the survivors of his garrison have been forced to leave the town of Port Arthur, and have taken refuge in the forts on the Tiger's Tail Peninsula. According to the same report, which is, however, denied by official circles, an appeal has been received from Port Arthur for warm clothing and other comforts.

RUSSIAN FORTS CRIPPLED.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—It is reported that the Japanese have completely silenced the Elbing-shan and Sungshushan forts at Port Arthur, and that the main attack is now being directed against Itzushan.—Reuter.

SULTAN AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Dispute as to the Demarcation of Aden Hinterland.

It is considered extremely unlikely that the Sultan of Turkey's request to Great Britain to reopen negotiations with regard to the demarcation of the North-West frontier of the Aden Hinterland will be acceded to.

The Porte desires a modification of the frontier line, urging that the decision of the British Commissioners is a contravention of the arrangement arrived at by the Koweit Convention some three years ago.

Meanwhile, H.M. cruiser Proserpine has left Aden for the Yemen coast, to support the British representatives.

Efforts will probably be made by the Turkish authorities to bring about peace between the rival chiefs Rashid and Said, who have set the district in a state of great disorder.

NEW GERMAN NAVAL BASE.

SYDNEY, Thursday.—The construction of an extensive wharf and of warehouses is in progress in German New Britain. These works are ostensibly for the accommodation of North German Lloyd steamers, but it is believed that it is intended to make the harbour a German naval base.—Reuter.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

MANY MAYORS.

Kingston Rejects its ex-Policeman Candidate.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

How an ex-Mayor and His Successor Buried the Hatchet.

All over England yesterday the municipalities elected their mayors. In the majority of cases the day passed off with the usual formalities, civic processions, and rejoicings.

To Kingston-on-Thames, however, belongs the distinction of having done a particularly unworthy thing. By fifteen votes to thirteen the Town Council yesterday rejected the mayor-elect, Mr. Councillor Clarke, an ex-police inspector, and re-elected Mr. Minnitt, a grocer, in his stead.

Little Girl Mayoress.

In pleasant contrast to Kingston's snobbish wrangle there was an interesting ceremony at Chatham, where Miss Louisa Mary Davies Driver (Lulu, as she is affectionately called), the youngest mayoress in England, took her seat beside her father, Councillor W. D. Driver, the mayor.

The mayoress is a bright-eyed child of three years—the mayor having been a widower since his daughter was barely a fortnight old—and has been the cause of no small amount of happiness amongst the town's poor children.

After the drive through the town yesterday several of the bearded councillors imprinted a loyal kiss upon the chubby cheek of their child mayoress.

Ex-Policeman Elected.

Blackpool people, many will remark, enjoy a more liberal endowment of common-sense than the people of Kingston. Their new mayor, Alderman J. Brodie, was actually a policeman in his time. Contrary to the views of Kingston, this circumstance was generally mentioned to Mr. Brodie's credit.

LORD MAYOR'S FAMILY.

Five Grandchildren Who Took Part in Yesterday's Ceremony.

From to-day, for the first time in many years, the stately walls of the Mansion House will echo with childlike laughter, for the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have many grandchildren, whom they delight to have continually with them.

Five of these grandchildren took part in yesterday's ceremony. They were the two little daughters of Mr. Lulham Pound; the only daughter of Mr. Percy Pound; and the son and daughter of Mrs. Allen, a married daughter of the Lord Mayor.

The four little girls acted as maids of honour to the Lady Mayoress, and Miss Pound and Miss Annie Pound, the unmarried daughters of the Lord Mayor, with four of their friends, also acted as maids of honour. Master John Allen acted as trainbearer to the Lord Mayor.

On page 3 the events of Lord Mayor's Day are described.

RIVALS END A FEUD.

Friendship Resumed Over the Appointment of Mayor.

Two Tamworth men publicly buried a feud yesterday, when the mayor, Mr. C. F. Cast, was invested by the retiring mayor, Mr. Frederick Aldritt.

The two men have been bitterly opposed for a long time, both in politics and in the law courts, but, addressing his successor, Mr. Aldritt said: "I appreciate the energy, good sense, and intelligence which has exalted you from the humblest position of life from which I rose myself to the most honourable office this town can confer."

Deeply moved, the mayor invited Mr. Aldritt to shake hands, and there followed a public reconciliation of the two rivals. "I send forth the message," said the new mayor, "that peace and goodwill are going to reign in our town."

MAYOR INSURES BABIES.

Novel Scheme for Encouraging Parents.

Mr. Benjamin Broadbent, who was elected Mayor of Huddersfield yesterday, has made a novel offer.

To all parents who have resided in his native district of Longwood for six months previous to the birth of a child the Mayor will pay £1 for every child born during his year of office on its attaining the age of twelve months.

In this way the mayor offers a premium on the life of the child, and not on its death.

SIR THOMAS PINK.

Trade Rivals the First to Congratulate Him.

Sir Thomas Pink, head of the well-known firm of jam and pickle manufacturers, was a proud man yesterday, when he was kept busy receiving from all over the country congratulations upon his recently-conferred knighthood.

In his office in grey, prosaic Southwark yesterday morning the newly-made knight was sitting behind an immense stock of congratulatory telegrams, and every minute another orange envelope was added to the pile.

"The first congratulatory message came across the 'phone from one of my business competitors," said the new knight to the *Daily Mirror*, "and he remarked that he and his partners were very delighted to hear the news, and that I deserved all I had got."

Congratulations from Every Trade.

"I think I may say without exaggeration that I have received congratulations from almost every trade in London. Here is one from the mustard and blue trade," picking out one wire from the pile as he spoke.

Like a model employer, Sir Thomas is keenly interested in the welfare of his 1,800 employees.

As men and girls flocked out from the factory at midday yesterday the news that Mr. Pink had become Sir Thomas was the sole topic of conversation. Talking of it, one and all seemed to feel that the firm well deserved the honour which had been paid to its head.

Like Sir Thomas Lipton, whom the new knight somewhat strikingly resembles, he is a well-known member of the yachting world.

THE SALE OF THE "STANDARD."

Lord Hugh Cecil on the Meaning of the Purchase.

Lord Hugh Cecil, speaking at Newcastle last night, referred to the purchase of the "Standard" newspaper by "an eminent tariff reformer, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson."

Lord Hugh said he could not help feeling that some tariff reformers had in view something more considerable than merely to silence a particular journal writing in favour of free trade.

He thought they were anxious to array Unionist opinion in such a manner that members of the Government, and especially the Prime Minister—who had not yet accepted Mr. Chamberlain's programme—should be put in the position of either submitting or resigning.

It would be a great disaster if one party became finally identified with protection.

GALE AND HEAVY SEAS.

Rough Weather Causes Delay and Damage to Shipping.

All through yesterday the gale continued to blow round the coast, and the strong winds and heavy seas were responsible for much delay and some damage to shipping.

The weather was very rough in the Channel, the mail boats were delayed, and a fishing boat was driven ashore and became a total wreck near Calais. At Dover the sea swept a stream of shingle over the railway in front of the Lord Warden Hotel, so that the boat trains were unable to use the line. The wind pressure was so great that cabs and omnibuses were not allowed on the Prince of Wales Pier.

The fishing vessel *Jean Bart* was sunk in the Channel, and her crew were rescued with great difficulty by the *Rose Madeline*, of Boulogne.

The famous Brig of Ayr has been seriously damaged by the Tweed, which has risen to an almost unprecedented height through the recent heavy rainfall. The middle pier has been swept away and the whole structure is threatened with destruction.

The gale raged fiercely in the North Sea, and the Dutch Mail Packet reached Queenborough nearly three hours late.

The storm lasted with increased violence in the Irish Sea, and much damage was done to property in North Wales.

TOTTENHAM LOVE TRAGEDY—VERDICT.

With one dissentient a coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of wilful murder and felo-de-se, regarding the deaths of Henry Charles Vaughan, aged thirty-eight, bookbinder, living in John's place, Finsbury, and Lucy Ellen Humberstone, aged sixteen, who lived at 82, Nicholas-street, Hoxton.

Vaughan was a married man, and the girl had been employed under him at printing works at Finsbury. They were found—the girl dead and the man dying—in Lordship-lane. The coroner made a post-mortem made to the police, Vaughan said, "We were tired of life, and agreed to die together. I bought oxalic acid, and we took it."

"GUILD OF SIMPLICITY."

Novel Form of Protest Against Modern Ostentation.

"The sin and scandal of the smart set" will soon be a forgotten phrase. In its place will come some phrase expressive of the puritan simplicity of that much-quoted body.

A society is to be formed under the title of "The Guild of Simple Life."

More than one duchess, a countess, and several peeresses of lesser degree have promised patronage to the guild.

Life is to be absolutely simple, and none but those who are absolutely serious in their desire for a simple life will be admitted to membership.

A tirade may shortly be expected from the social reformers against the parsimony of the simple smart set.

STAGE ASPIRANT'S DESPAIR.

Heart-broken at Being Told She Could Not Succeed.

The dramatic end of a girl named Harriet Penkhurst, aged twenty, who had failed in her attempt to win success and fortune on the stage, is reported by our Liverpool correspondent.

Penkhurst missed no opportunity of visiting the music-hall and the theatre. She was employed in a shop, but wished to adopt the music-hall profession, and obtained an introduction in Burnley to Mr. Carroll, who arranged to undertake her training.

According to the story of Mrs. Carroll, the girl learnt her songs pretty well, but did not turn out a success, and while in Bury last Friday Mr. Carroll told her she could never be an artiste. This caused her to become despondent.

At dinner that day in a fit of temper she struck Mrs. Carroll. On Monday evening her landlady found her in bed gasping from the effects of a dose of salts of lemon. In spite of all efforts to save her life, she died shortly afterwards.

In a letter to her sister the girl wrote:—"I don't want to be any more trouble in this world. So my life has ended different to what I thought it would. I think my temper is getting a big hold on me." At the inquest in Liverpool yesterday a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

NURSEMAID'S DEATH TRAP.

Bedroom Which Roused a Coroner's Anger.

At the conclusion of the coroner's inquiry yesterday into the circumstances of the fire at a linen-drapery in Westminster Bridge-road, when a nursemaid lost her life, the jury severely censured the girl's master, Albert Brooks, for not providing suitable accommodation for her.

It was shown that the girl slept in a tiny bedroom improvised out of a disused bathroom. Brooks said there was plenty of room for a single bed.

The Coroner: There may be room for a single bed in a stable, but that is not a proper place to sleep in. You do not suggest to the jury that a place built like this, of wood and corrugated iron, was a proper place for this girl to sleep in?

Witness: I have seen many worse places than this used as a bedroom.

The coroner said nothing could excuse the use of this shanty, built out over the back part of the shop as a bedroom. The danger from fire was frightful. It was most lamentable that any employer of domestic labour had so poor an idea of his duty towards his servant.

BIG NOTIONS.

But Their Owner Goes to the Work-house.

A man who stated that 150,000 men were employed in his butcher's shop at Norwood was yesterday charged with "disorderly conduct" at Marylebone Police Court.

His name was Walter Joseph Campbell, and he complained that he had been arrested just as he was about to draw £33,000 from the bank to distribute in charity.

"With his father died at the age of 150," he added, "the Royal Family attended the funeral. The procession was thirty miles long, and the floral offerings filled forty pantechnicon vans."

He described his yacht as half a mile long, and a gold-plated motor-car that was nearly as big.

It is not surprising to learn that a medical examination resulted in the report that he had very exalted ideas.

He was taken to the workhouse.

The Thames Police Court magistrate yesterday committed for trial Conrad Donovan and Charles Wade on the charge of being concerned in the murder of Miss Emily Farmer, the East End newsagent.

KING EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY.

His Majesty Spends the Day Quietly with His Family.

UNIVERSAL REJOICINGS.

In his country home at Sandringham, yesterday, King Edward spent his birthday very quietly, surrounded by the members of the Royal Family and a few specially-chosen guests.

Little Prince Eddie was one of the earliest to offer his congratulations to his royal grandfather, and during the remainder of the day shoals of congratulatory messages were received from all parts of the world.

Afterwards the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince George of Greece, enjoyed some pheasant shooting, the sport being watched by the Queen and the royal Princesses.

The feature of the festive day was a dinner given in the afternoon to 600 of his Majesty's tenants on the Sandringham estate. The meal was served in a large marquee erected in the grounds, and was graced by the presence of the King, who walked over from the house accompanied by the members of the Royal Family.

Hearty cheers greeted the King on his appearance, and when Sir Dighton Probyn proposed his Majesty's health the loyal tenants renewed their enthusiastic plaudits, winding up by singing the National Anthem.

In a few well-chosen words, the King acknowledged the toast.

Numerous presents were received, including gifts from the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the King of Portugal.

At all British naval and military stations troops were paraded, ships, dressed, and salutes fired. The Khedive attended the parade in Cairo for the first time, and took the salute, and Lord Roberts was present at a levee held by Lord Milner in Pretoria.

Many Government offices and clubs in London were illuminated during the evening.

GREAT CRICKETER'S FUNERAL.

Remarkable Tribute to the Memory of "Poor Jack" Brown.

A remarkable tribute of respect by the cricketing world was paid to the memory of J. T. Brown, the celebrated Leeds cricketer, at the funeral at Great Lawnswood Cemetery, a few miles from the city, yesterday.

Following the chief mourners were a number of well-known cricketers, including Lord Hawke, the captain of the county team; and the Hon. F. S. Jackson, and by the side of the coffin walked most of the dead cricketer's colleagues.

Lord Hawke, the president of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, sent a beautiful wreath, inscribed:—

"With much sympathy and sincere regret, in memory of one I could ill afford to lose."

In a letter of condolence to the widow, Lord Hawke wrote: "Poor Jack's sudden death came as a great surprise and shock to me. The whole cricket world, Yorks, and its county eleven feel most deeply for you your sorrow and trial. "We were all very fond of Jack, and truly have lost a genial and kind-hearted colleague."

"BE MERCIFUL."

Penitent Prisoner's Plea for his "Little Girl."

"My offence has been great, my repentance is sincere. Give me not, then, a sentence that will crush all hope—be merciful."

With this strenuous appeal, Cecil Lamb, charged with embezzlement of £404 14s. 1d. from his employers, concluded a written statement he handed to the Judge.

Lamb had attempted to take his life when detected, leaving a letter asking his employer to look after his "darling little girl."

The Judge passed sentence of three months in the second division, and an outburst of sobbing in the gallery told the sympathetic hearers that his fiancée was present in court.

The prisoner, whose downfall was due to gambling, thanked the Judge for his leniency.

COLLISION AT SNOW HILL.

A railway collision occurred at Snow Hill station last night, a Midland train for Moorgate-street dashing into the rear of a stationary South-Eastern train.

The result was an injury to the guard of the stationary train and a complete blocking of the line.

Ogden's liquidator states that 75 per cent. of the bonus customers have accepted his offer of £100,000 in settlement of their claims.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

"NOBODY ASKED YOU, SIR, SHE SAID."

"The disposition of John Bull in his hour of trouble to lay his head on Uncle Sam's shoulder and shed tears has become embarrassing. It is a weakness, too, that seems to grow with our strength."

THUS the "New York Journal," in an article entitled "Why should England look to us for help?"

The United States, says the "Journal," have no intention of backing up Britain's protest against the North Sea outrage. They care no more about the shooting down of English fishermen than of French, German, Italian, or Norwegian fishermen.

What has come over John Bull (asks the "Journal") that he is forever falling into this melting mood when somebody is kicking him and he turns his dripping eyes—his fond, disinterested eyes—in our direction? Has he lost his pluck? Does he feel that he is a has-been, and no longer fit to fight his own battles? And if this is so, why, in the name of all that's sensible, ought he to pick us out from among the Powers of the earth to share his miseries? What has he ever done for us?

All this is very fine and eloquent, and it indicates clearly enough what a large section of the American people thinks of us. But when has John Bull turned his eyes in the direction of the United States?

No sane Briton imagines that the American Navy could be much help to us. No Englishman in full possession of his senses imagines that the Anglo-Saxon-Dutch-German-Italian-Spanish-Portuguese-African-Danish race which inhabits the United States is ever likely to interfere on our behalf in any quarrel not its own.

We know full well that there are thousands of Americans—the best kind—who have a genuine affection for the "old country," and who would be quite ready to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with us in any just cause. But as for "turning our eyes" in the direction of the sort of people for whom this article was written, we should have to be in a very bad case indeed before we asked for their help, and, if they ever gave it, we should very soon be praying them to clear out and let us fight our battles alone.

SHAME! SHAME!

We are inclined to agree with our correspondent "A Manchester Man," who writes to us this morning about the Lord Mayor of London's Show yesterday.

It was, in truth, a pathetic procession which, "like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along" the muddy streets, lined for the most part with jeering spectators. If Lord Mayors are anxious to give the public a "show," it really ought, for the credit of the greatest city in the world, to be a good deal better than this.

Why do they not ask some artist, or, at any rate, some skilled designer of out-door effects, to suggest features that would not provoke derision? "Cheap and nasty" are the only words that fitly describe yesterday's attempts, and all so meaningless and trivial.

If each Lord Mayor had a Show illustrating his own particular line of business, an interest would be added at once. For example, Lord Mayor Pound might have had a procession of all the London General omnibuses. An owner of hotels could invite all the waiters of London to march with him. A company director might make a striking zoological effect with stags, bulls, and bears.

It is a shame for London to be an object of scorn to the other cities of the United Kingdom. None of them, we are sure, would tolerate such an exhibition as that of yesterday.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man with manners is equipped with a suit of chain-mail. He is beloved; and, being beloved, if he is ever in trouble or difficulty he is protected. —From "Confessions of an English Doctor," Routledge. 6s.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS is a remarkable week for royal birthdays. Yesterday the King was sixty-three. To-day the Duke of Fife, the husband of Princess Louise of Wales, is fifty-five, and Prince Charles of Bourbon-Sicily, husband of the late Princess of the Asturias, is thirty-four. To-morrow the King of Italy will be thirty-five, and the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, twenty-two.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., the editor of "Truth," celebrates his birthday on the same day as the King, but is eleven years the older of the two. It was not until he had tried the diplomatic

service and, as he curiously puts it, "left it," that he took up journalism. Though he was an excellent diplomatist his ways were a trifle trying for his immediate superior. While he was an attaché at Washington he gave his first exhibition of tact.

The Ambassador had just left for England. Into the Embassy rushed a pushful Yankee. "Ambassador in?" he asked. "No," said the future member for Northampton. "Then I'll wait till he is," said the masterful one. "Certainly. Take a chair," said Mr. Labouchere in his most polite manner. One hour passed; two—three hours

passed. At last the Yankee weakened a bit. "Say, when will the Ambassador be back?" he ventured. "I am afraid I can't say exactly," said Mr. Labouchere. "He has gone to England for a holiday."

On another occasion he was given notice that he had been transferred from one embassy to another at the other end of Europe. A few days after he had disappeared from the official ken. Some time after, he arrived at his new post and explained that as no money had been sent for his fare he had walked.

Last night, at the Women's Institute, Lady Henry Somerset returned to the subject which has occupied almost all her life—the evil of drunkenness and its cure. In fighting against that evil Lady Henry has made a great name for herself as a speaker. Her sincerity has taught her how to speak. She believes in taking off hat and gloves, in removing anything which may hinder the direct play of face and hands, before going on to the platform.

Lady Henry took up this work as a speaker soon after her separation from her husband. She became aware of the spread of drunkenness around her in an amusing way. She had a pet parrot at her house near Malvern. During a long absence on the Continent Lady Henry entrusted the bird to the servants. When she returned, she found that the life amongst the servants had been by ceaselessly screaming, "Pop! Pop! Take another glass of sherry?" That set Lady Henry first against intemperance.

Sir Thomas Pink, the most interesting of the new knights in the Birthday Honours List, makes it his proud boast that his jam and pickles business is the largest concern in this country that is controlled entirely by one man. He did not actually start it himself. It was established by his father, and he began to work in it when he was thirteen. But it is he who has turned it from a very small affair into a very large one. Pink's jams are now known all over the world.

His motto is, "Do everything when it has to be done." "If ever I let things get ahead of me," he says, "I shall be done." So excellent a business man is not likely to waste time writing his own letters. He scarcely ever puts pen to paper even to sign his name. He dictates all he has to say into a phonograph, which speaks it all out again to his clerks. They, like all his other employees, think him the best master in the world.

Even better than his work Sir Thomas Pink loves his family. He has always spent with his children all the time he could spare, and they are the best friends in the world. One little story to illustrate this. When his two sons were of a little boys he took them off to bathe with him, morning at the seaside. Just as they were starting the younger ran back to the house. "I say, Nana," he called out to his nurse, "I sha'n't be long. We three boys are going down to bathe."

Sir Charles W. Cazyer, M.P., who becomes a baronet, is head of the famous "Clan" line of steamers, some fifty in number, which wander about the coasts of China and South Africa. As his fleet sails the Clyde he felt it his duty to own property in Scotland, so, among other places, he purchased Gartmore, in Perthshire. Concerning this same Gartmore there is an amusing story, though it relates to his son, Major Cazyer.

Major Cazyer, commonly known as "Jack" Cazyer, had made a hobby of signalling work, and when Ladysmith was besieged he managed to open up and regularly maintain heliographic communication with the besieged force. When he got his first answering flash, being in doubt whether it came from some silly Boer or his besieged comrades, he flashed this message, "Ask Captain Gordon the name of my father's estate in Perthshire."

It was a clever trick, for no Boer could possibly answer such a question. An orderly dashed off in search of Captain Gordon. "Gartmore is the name," said the gallant Scot, with a perplexed countenance; "but its deuced strange Cazyer should forget it. He must have a rotten memory."

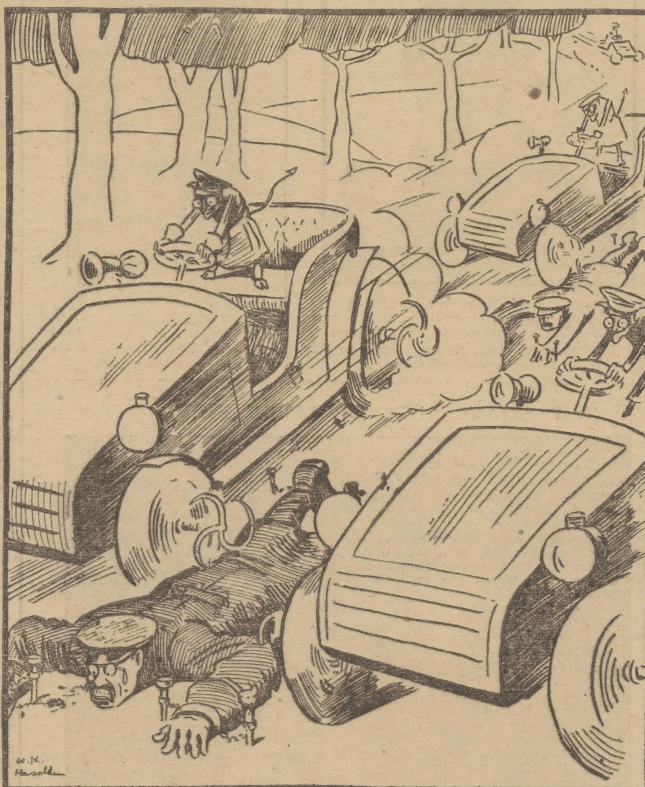
To return to Sir Charles Cazyer; he is an exceedingly busy man, and a very silent one. His voice is hardly ever heard in the House of Commons, and his very look as he trots about the Lobby with his hands stowed away in his pockets, is eloquent of reserve. He has travelled enough to be an F.R.G.S., and is a colonel of Volunteers. When asked about British shipping, he shakes his head despondently, for though he is very, very rich, he is not an optimist.

THIS MORNING WITH NATURE.

At last winter is upon us. The sky is blue with rain clouds; the wind is boisterous and biting; the sun is hiding deep behind the mirk.

The birds are silent, save for uttering occasional plaintive chirrups. The flowers that have outlived the sunshine are vanishing rapidly. The brook sings loud, carrying a huge volume of water. The berries are losing their luster. Yes, winter is upon us at last.

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.—II.



Good motorists will, of course, go to Heaven, but this will be the future state of "road hogs." Instead of running down helpless children, fiends will make them taste the terrors of death by motor-car themselves.

HOME-MADE HUMOUR.

Wit from English Papers.

BIRDIE (as her lover is about to start on a journey round the world): My dear Adolphus, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit.
Adolphus: Oh, Birdie, it is love that prompts you to say this? Swear to me, do you really love me, or are you merely collecting picture postcards?
—Evening News.

The Ingenue: But surely it is right to marry for love.

The Girl of Experience: Love is an excuse for marriage, but money, my dear child, is a justification. —Bystander.

Editor: How much do you want for these sketches?
Artist: Ten guineas.

Editor: Don't slam the door as you go out.—Tattler.

Canvassers are having trouble with the village Hampdens who tend their three acres and a cow round about Horsham. "I shall vote the same as master does," said one honest son of the soil. "Ah," said the canvasser, "that means you will vote for Blank?" "I didn't say so," replied the man. "I said I'd vote as master does. He votes as he likes, and so will I." —Globe.

"Mamma, was Sambo always black?"
"Yes, dear."
"Was he born black?"
"Yes, dear."
"How surprised his mamma must have been!" —Bystander.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Alexander F. Acland-Hood.

HE heads the birthday honours list by being made a Privy Councillor. Up to the present his chief call to fame has been as Chief Government Whip.

As a Whip he has done well, but heredity has probably something to do with it, for he comes of a long line who have fulfilled that duty.

Before he took up politics he was in the Grenadiers, not because he did not know what was to do, but because he took to soldiering like a duck to water. Before that he had been principally engaged in showing that he was an athlete.

In appearance he might have stepped out of a page of Ouida. He has the fair hair, fair moustache, blue eyes, tall, straight figure—something over five feet high—broad shoulders, and the pronounced drawl which is always supposed to be characteristic of the Guardsman. But this is only in private life.

When he rises to speak in the House of Commons he is one of the few M.P.s who are really eloquent. His attack on the Government over the Spion Kop dispatches is probably the best-known incident of his political career.

And he knows what he is talking about on military matters, for he is no carpet knight. His career in the Grenadiers included that splendid charge at Tel-el-Kebir.

Though fully able to appreciate town life, he makes a good country squire at his Somersetshire home, and he is known as an excellent sportsman, usually being somewhere close up at the end of a run with either fox or stag hounds.

He is also much above the average as a shot, and can kill trout when other anglers return with empty baskets.

Lady Acland-Hood is also a keen huntswoman, but her principal hobbies are poultry and dogs.

"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.

HER MAJESTY'S BASKETS OF TIT-BITS FOR HER PETS.



Each morning, when the Queen is at Sandringham, she collects these two baskets full of food and takes them to the kennels herself for her pet dogs.

LORD GERARD,

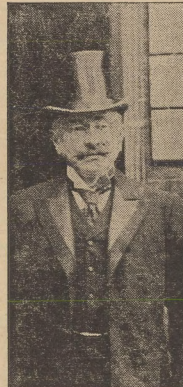


Who comes of age to-day. He is the third Baron, and owns Eastwell Park, Ashford, besides an estate in Lancashire.—(Langfrier.)



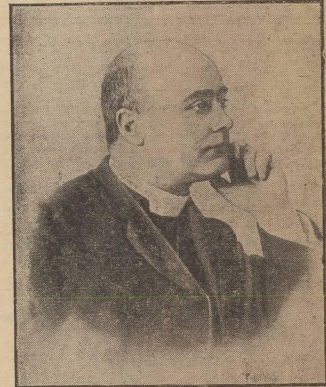
The Queen's maid, with her Majesty's pet Japs, in the grounds of Sandringham, where the Queen is now in residence. The kennels at the Norfolk royal residence are said to be the finest in the world.

BECK INQUIRY.



Mr. Adolf Beck, the innocent convict, who is momentarily expecting the report of the Committee of Inquiry held into the circumstances of his arrests.

"FOR CHURCH AND STAGE"



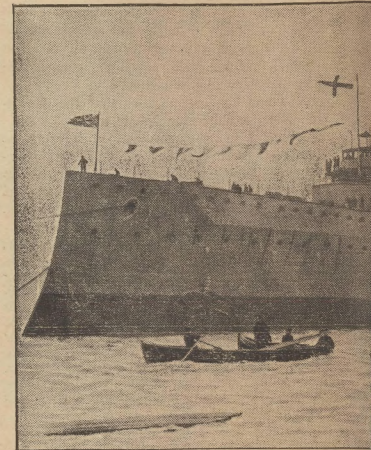
Rev. Athol Forbes Phillips, who has written a new play, "For Church and Stage," for Mrs. Brown-Potter.—(Ball.)

NEW CHANCELLOR OF LEEDS UNIVERSITY.



The Marquis of Ripon in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Leeds, which he has just been elected. The marquis was for thirty-six years one of the most prominent statesmen in the Liberal Party. He began as Under-Secretary for War, and went out of office as Secretary for the Colonies. He is exceedingly popular in Yorkshire, where he has a beautiful estate, Studley Royal.

LAUNCHING BRITAIN'S



The launch of the first-class cruiser H.M.S. Black Prince, when completed, will be one of the most powerful sea power. The christening ceremony.

A PITIFUL WAR SCENE



A group of starving little children in a Russian town, poor Russian reservists, who were ordered

THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



The above photographs are of a turkey-cock, a light Brahma cock, and a Rouen drake, types of some of the exhibits at the National Exhibition of Poultry and Pigeons, now being held at the Crystal Palace. There are nearly 7,000 entries at the show.

NEWS TOLD IN VIEWS

THE SAVOY THEATRE.



...Potter, who will play Stella de ... in "For Church and Stage" at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday.

ST WARSHIP.



... the Thames Ironworks. The Black ... effective contributors to Britain's ... med by Lady Selborne.

THE FAR EAST.



...ern Manchuria. Their fathers were ... leaving the little ones behind.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. DAN LENO.



The funeral cortège at Clapham Park. Conveying the coffin from the famous comedian's late residence to the hearse, en route for Tooting Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS CHARGE OF RUSSIA'S ROYAL BABY.



Varvare Simbirski, the infant Russian Prince's nurse, in a Russian farm cart on the Tsar's model farm. The Tsarevitch is undoubtedly the most closely-guarded baby in the world. When he is taken out for a walk by his nurse in the grounds of the palace he is followed a few paces behind by the giant Zimin, whose duty it is to protect the royal baby from kidnapping by revolutionaries.

WAR ON "CLASS HUMBUG."

Ruskin's Warning Against "Snobbery" in Buying Works of Art.

THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, 1854-1904. Records of its History and its Work, by Members of the College. Edited by the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies. Macmillan. 4s. net.

Of all the institutions founded for the advantage of working men during the half-century, none has done better work than this college. It draws together two classes who are supposed to have little in common—the scholarly, literary, artistic class and the day labouring class. And it did both good. As Dr. Furnival says here:—"We were comrades and friends, and help one another to live higher, healthier, happier lives, free from all stupid and narrow class humbug."

A workman's testimony to it is equally strong and sincere. He was at the college in the early days, and thirty-five years later he said to Dr. Furnival:—"I'd never been in a gentleman's room before, and when I came out after seeing your pictures, books, and chairs, I said to myself, 'I'll have as good a room as that.' And now I've got a better."

Ruskin was one of the many famous men who taught, and he taught much more than drawing. For instance, a student once told him he had seen some Albert Dürer prints very cheap, but he did not know whether they were genuine. To which Ruskin replied:—

Now there's a thing in which I won't even endeavour to help you; you ought never to buy any work of art merely because it has some great man's name attached to it.

A lesson which many people besides working men still need badly to-day.

BURNS'S BIBLE TO BE SOLD.

Which He Had in Mind When He Wrote One of His Most Famous Poems.

The cheerful supper done, w' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er w' patriarchal grace,
The big old Bible, ance his father's pride.
He waxes a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

These lines, from "The Cottar's Saturday Night," make the announcement of the sale, on December 10, of Burns's own Family Bible specially interesting. The volume which Sotheby's will put up for auction is no doubt the one the poet had in mind when he wrote them.

Burns knew the Bible well. Remember how he continued (in the same poem):—

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal wars to cease,
With Anna's lustrations progeny;
Or how the royal bard did wailing lie;
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

And his conclusion was that the Almighty, weaned by the pomps and shows of ceremonial religion:—

In some cottage far apart
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

LATEST OPERATIC HEROINE.

17th Century Actress Who Fell a Victim to a Rival in Love.

The great success of the new Italian opera, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," has set a good many people wondering whether the actress who is its heroine (as she is the heroine of the French play called by her name) ever really existed.

She certainly did. She was most popular in Paris towards the end of the 17th century. She charmed the contemporaries of Lewis XIV., and particularly the famous Prince Maurice of Saxony, who used to leave the wars (which then went on pretty continuously) and pay her flying visits in Paris.

Unfortunately, the Duchess of Bouillon, a very great lady indeed, was also fond of Maurice. So when one day Adrienne suddenly died, her friends all hinted that the Duchess had had something to do with her death. It was never proved, but there is no doubt that Adrienne died very soon after receiving some flowers from her Grace. Were those flowers poisoned?

It is safe to say that a great Duchess would not have thought much in those days of removing a rival, if the rival happened to be a mere actress. Everybody despised actresses then. But Adrienne has her triumph over the Duchess now. She is regarded as a charming martyr to love, while the Duchess universally is execrated.

LOUDEST WHISTLE IN THE WORLD.

At St. Louis, U.S.A., there is a whistle which is as big as a full-sized man. It belongs to a railway company, and the main use of it is as a time-regulator. It sounds four times a day. Everybody within a ten-mile radius can hear it, look at their watches, and put them right. In St. Louis there is no excuse for anyone who is late for an appointment. Why not erect such a useful timekeeper in London?

YOUNGEST MAYORESS.

Three-year-old "Lulu," Who Makes the Shortest Speeches on Record.

When the Mayor of Chatham, Mr. Driver, drove yesterday to the town hall to be installed in office for his second year in succession, he was accompanied by the Mayoress.

Her dress was of white silk, coming just down to her knees. She showed a sweetly pretty pair of little legs in white stockings, and she wore a large white hat. At intervals she appeared to be furiously eating chocolates, but this was perhaps a mistake on the part of the observers.

She played her part in the ceremony with the utmost dignity and decorum. She is quite used to such functions, indeed, for she has already been Mayoress a whole year. Her name is Louise Mary, but she is called Lulu, and she has the prettiest golden hair in the world.

As a speaker she is brief and concise; she goes straight to the point. Her first public appearance was made when she opened a church bazaar. She said: "The show's open." Never had such applause been heard in Chatham before.

She is really the Mayoress. It is not merely fun. Her mother died when she was only a few weeks old, and she is her father's eldest daughter, so she naturally takes her mother's place. Chatham thinks she is the nicest Mayoress there ever was.

"A POOR LOT."

Italian War Correspondent's Verdict on Russian Leaders in the War.

"An Italian correspondent of the 'Times' gives some very interesting sketches of Russia's generals and admirals in the Far East.

Kuropatkin is one of the few who looks like a soldier. He is not popular either with officers or men. They would far rather follow General Linvitch. Often have they been heard to say, "If Linvitch had been Commander-in-Chief, our disasters would not have happened."

Alexieff looks like a middle-class business man who has led an easy life with plenty of food and rest. He is jovial, witty, polite—to everyone except Kuropatkin. He is hated and despised by the army. They call him "the coward." After the battle of the Yalu he kept an engine standing with steam up ready for him to escape at any moment.

Admiral Jessen spends most of his time playing cards. He allows his officers to get as drunk and disorderly as they please, but if ever one speaks a word in praise of England, he gets a stinging rebuke. The Admiral hopes that "after crushing Japan" Russia will have the chance of destroying also "perfidious Albion."

When Admiral Prince Ulkhotomski succeeded to the command of the Fleet everyone said, "Now we are lost." He is a poor creature, without sense of experience. He owes his position simply to Court influence.

IS SHE THE COMING ACTRESS?

What the Papers Say About Miss Viola Tree's "Trilby."

Fresh and unaffected.—"Daily Mail."

A definite charm of personality.—"Daily Express."

Where feeling was possible Miss Tree showed much tenderness and charm.—"Morning Post."

Miss Tree's improvement during her short period of stage-life is really remarkable.—"Standard."

She acquitted herself with charm, intelligence, and feeling. It is no discredit to her that she did no more.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

Mr. Tree will be consulting his charming and clever daughter's best interests by letting her go through the mill.—"Morning Leader."

She showed a very pretty power of sympathetic acting, which years and experience of life must change into something greater.—"Times."

She is to be congratulated on a "Trilby" that is at last human enough to make the lovers of the immortal three understandable.—"Chronicle."

She is not yet an actress in the full sense of the term. But she has the instincts of an actress, the sympathetic consciousness of an artistic interpreter of life.—"Daily Telegraph."

In grace and symmetry, Miss Tree is an ideal Trilby, and it is easy to believe that her appearance in a Parisian studio would stir a ferment in the minds of its occupants.—"Globe."

A more fitting and a lovelier representative of "Trilby" cannot be conceived, since not the foot only, but the entire sinuous and fawn-like figure, was a model to delight a sculptor.—"Daily Graphic."

UNDESERVED REPROACH.

If you register your motor-car in Dorset you have the letters "D.P." attached to it.

Dorset car-owners do not like the reputation this implies, as they are asking the Local Government Board to change these letters for others less offensive.

A KING'S FAVOURITE.

Promise of a Drama of the French Court Before the Revolution.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's possible appearance in London in a play written round the notorious Jeanne du Barry already arouses expectation of a gorgeous series of pictures of the Court of Louis XV. of France.

Who this powerful "King's Favourite" was no one really knows. She is first heard of in Paris about 1765. There she met, among many shady people, the Comte du Barry, the shadiest of the lot, whose one idea was to get the King to give Jeanne the position of chief unofficial wife, quite a recognised position in those days.

He succeeded, and Jeanne introduced the manners of the moment—place into the drawing-room of Versailles. She spent money in handfuls—she literally threw it about. She romped with grave Ministers, and snapped her fingers at conventions.

On one occasion the King was in the Council Chamber, waiting for his Ministers. She came in, had a quarrel with him, and calmly tore up and burnt the important documents which were to be discussed. There was no Council held that day!

She was not cruel or wicked; only common and shameless. She began to get suspected, and made her position worse by talking openly of her friendships with people in prison or condemned. When she was guillotined during the Revolution for having worn mourning after the death of Louis XVI. she betrayed her origin. She gave way altogether, cried for help, besought "Mr. Executioner," as she called him, to spare her; and screamed, with piercing screams, for life.

Her career is full of dramatic incidents, and ought to make some kind of a play.

WHAT GERMANY WOULD LIKE

To See Britain Beaten and Humbled by France and Russia.

The other day a German wrote a book to show how Germany would some day conquer Britain. Now another subject of the Deutscher Kaiser has produced a volume in which Germany is saved the trouble. Russia and France do the job for her benefit.

Here is a summary of the events described:—

Afghan raiders, instigated by England, attack the Russian railway terminals.

Russia declares war against England. Russians take Herat.

War breaks out between England and France. Lord Cromer is assassinated at Cairo.

The Sultan of Turkey and the Khedive of Egypt join France.

England's Colonies are conquered. The Russians enter India.

Heroic death of Lord Roberts at Candahar. The English Channel is closed for ever against England.

French troops land in England. Battle of Brighton.

French enter London.

England is deprived of all her Colonies and is reduced to the status of a third-class Power.

LAW-BREAKING LEGISLATORS

Peers and M.P.s Who Have Been Fined for Motoring Too Fast.

The latest of our legislators to be punished for breaking the law is Colonel Kemp, M.P., who has just been fined £5 at Bolton for furiously driving a motor-car. Here is a list of other M.P.s and noble lords who have suffered for similar offences. Except where it is stated otherwise, fines were inflicted for contravening the legal speed limit, which used to be twelve miles, and is now twenty:—

Sir Edgar Vincent, M.P., July 3, 1901, fined £5.

Hon. J. Stanley Morgan, M.P., April 14, 1902, fined £5.

Viscount Ingestre, August 4, 1902, fined £3.

Viscount Castlereagh, May 13, 1903, fined £1.

Earl of Shrewsbury, July 9, 1903, fined £1.

Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., July 29, 1903, fined £5.

Earl of Carnarvon, July 25, 1903, fined £10.

Earl of Ilchester, August 3, 1903, fined £3, and £3 more for contravening to avoid the police.

Earl of Carnarvon, August 11, 1903, fined £5.

Viscount Ingestre, October 7, 1903, fined £5.

Viscount Ingestre, October 30, 1903, fined £7 7s. 6d.

The Marquis of Downshire, November 20, 1903, fined £3.

Earl Russell, April 25, 1904, fined £5. Licence endorsed.

Louis Sinclair, M.P., June 6, 1904, fined £1 for driving.

Louis Sinclair, M.P., October 24, 1904, fined £3 for furious driving. Licence endorsed.

SHARKS AND MACKEREL.

Sharks have been commonly supposed to be nothing but enemies to man. But Mr. Alfalo, in a naturalists' paper, maintains that they are very useful to fishermen.

When mackerel hear the shark jumping about in the water, they get horribly alarmed and huddle together. This habit of "shoaling" enables fishermen to catch enormous numbers of them. If it were not for sharks, they would not "shoal," and mackerel would be far less plentiful.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Happening to be in town to-day I stood and watched your great procession pass along Fleet-street.

I never saw anything more tawdry or absurd than the attempts at allegorical cars. The soldiers were all right—fine fellows all of them. But how the City of London can make itself ridiculous year after year by these paltry imitations of circus pageants I cannot think.

Will you never get a Lord Mayor with, I will not say a feeling for art, but a sense of the ridiculous?

A MANCHESTER MAN.

Hotel Métropole, Nov. 9.

TO KEEP MILK CLEAN.

I see you say the "insanitary milk-can" is to be abolished. Milk is to be delivered in "bottles properly closed and stoppered."

Will they have the large vessels in which milk travels between farm and dairy made of glass also? I am sorry for the railway-men if they do.

Also must all the measures used for milk be of glass?

A FAD-RIDDEN FARMER.

Fairford, Gloucestershire.

IS MALTA PREPARED FOR WAR?

I was astonished to read that "the most prominent guns for Malta's defence are 32-pounders." If this were true, they would be a poor protection.

As a matter of fact, we have there batteries of 6-inch, 4.7, and also 9.2 guns. I believe we have also 12-inch guns. There is certainly a 16-inch m.l. situated on the rifle range.

The battery your correspondent refers to is evidently the saluting battery, used for no other purpose. FLATFOOT.

H.M.S. Colossus, Portsmouth.

LARGE FAMILIES.

Judge Emden appears to be a contradictory person. In to-day's *Daily Mirror* I read that he had "no pity for bachelors." But he also told a working-man that there was "no room for him and his seven children" in London.

I agree with the second pronouncement. The solution of those social evils you pointed out in your leading article the other day would be made easier if there were a universal sense of responsibility in bringing children into the world.

For poor people, above all, to think seriously on this subject would be one step in advance—in spite of what all the Bishops in the kingdom may say.

PHYSICIAN TO THE POOR.

Notting Dale, W., Nov. 9.

"SAVAGE YORKSHIRE."

Whatever reasons Mr. Corrigan has for resentment, owing to statements made against his people, it is the lowest form of ill-breeding to insult others for revenge.

In all country districts there are bound to be "good, honest folk," who are not "town-clever," which is not always a desirable accomplishment, and this rule applies to "any" counties, either in England or Ireland.

But to say the good-natured, honest, homely, and hospitable Yorkshire folk are "savages" is a vulgar libel, and not worthy of anyone calling himself a man.

Liversedge, Yorks.

"HUNGRY THEN AND HUNGRY NOW."

I always read your leading articles with pleasure and profit, and especially the one you wrote under the above heading, showing that the distress amongst the poor is as great to-day as it was sixty years ago.

Neither free trade nor protection will remedy the many social and industrial evils from which we suffer. So long as the present unjust competitive system lasts, the brutal struggle for a mere existence will go on amongst the poor; the strong crushing the weak.

The economic conditions are wrong—that is, the conditions under which wealth is produced and distributed. Commodities are not produced because they are needed by the people, but are solely produced to bring profit to the capitalist.

Every man and woman has a right to live a decent life, and under proper conditions they could do so. The people have the power in their own hands and they must work out their own emancipation.

W. B. RAMSEY.

Tiverton-street, Grimsby.

WINTER STRAWBERRIES.

Somebody has been suggesting that the new electric lamps which blaze in the new Mall will injure the foliage of the trees near them.

The Royal Horticultural Society is now conducting a series of experiments which show that electric light has a splendid effect upon plants. They mature quicker, they grow bigger, they look stronger under electric light than under any other conditions.

Strawberries, melons, and cucumbers, not to speak of things like carrots, beans, and mustard, flourish under it mightily. Why cannot we have cheap electric strawberries in the winter? Why cannot we have everything cheap all the year round?

Perhaps we shall—when the learned have done experimenting.

Our New Serial.

You Can Begin this Story To-day.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

FOR NEW READERS.

This story deals with the scheming of a number of people directly and indirectly connected with Sir Alanson Gascoyne, a young Judge of the High Court. The reader soon learns that the friendship of the Judge's beautiful young wife with a certain Dick Deverill is open to suspicion; but the interest at the present point is centred upon Gertrude Gascoyne, the Judge's sister, who has rejected a certain Brasser, a great financier. Gertrude's heart is given to an undesirable—one Hugh Mordaunt—and a friend is anxious to marry her to Mr. Brasser. Brasser's great wealth is in danger from the scheming of an aristocratic rascal named Somerton, who has Brasser's defaulting secretary, Beaton Skerrett, in his power. They are seeking to lure Brasser to South America in quest of a quarry of onyx marble of immense value, intending, in his absence, to distribute his wealth by means of a flaw in the law (not yet revealed).

Other characters are Lady Chetnoles, styled by her friends "The Major," on account of her height; and Mr. Tourtellotte, a botanist, who has discovered the onyx marble. Jane Brown, mentioned in the foregoing chapter, is Lady Chetnoles's discharged maid, a victim of Brasser many years ago, whose son went into the financier's office ignorant of the fact that Brasser was his father, and is said to have died as a result of overwork and disappointment caused by Brasser's cruel injustice. Miss Elton is the daughter of a dead money-lender, who knows something to Richard Deverill's discredit, and is trying to be of service to Gertrude Gascoyne.

CHAPTER XII.

A Whispered Name.

The money-lender's daughter was in despair. "I cannot bear this," she pleaded, "that you should think hardly of me, Miss Gascoyne. Please believe always that I have a solemn trust to carry out. It is not an ordinary duty that my dear father has laid upon me. I accepted it gladly. We had many talks about it. I dare not tell you what it is. I promised. If you knew all, you would understand that I am not the heartless money-grubber that you think me at this moment."

Gertrude Gascoyne yielded insensibly. "I do not presume to criticise you," she said slowly. "Now, about Jane Brown?" Miriam Elton accepted the abrupt change of subject with a depressed resignation, blaming herself bitterly for her folly in having tried to find a way to do this in the next instant with a kindness. "I shall be glad to hear about her," she said, "a personal character is much more satisfactory than a written one."

Gertrude threw back her head and laughed. She pretended to herself that this matronly phrase from this young lady was exquisitely absurd. She was really laughing, however, from nervous terror as to what she might do in the next instant with this small personage in black, who seemed to hold in her little hands the destinies of many men. The name of Hughie Mordaunt was ringing all the time in her brain as she talked and laughed.

She had thought that she had helped the pain. Brasser's coming and going had suited her this. She looked back on him almost as on an amiable interlude. Now, one casual mention of Hugh Mordaunt and her heart was throbbing, as it had throbbled on that terrible night of the fire.

"You forget," she heard Miss Elton saying as if from a distance, "that I have been my father's housekeeper for at least two years. Oh, I have had great experience. I can assure you. I can tell you which doorkeeper the cook will keep clean, and which one the housemaid will consent to brush. Why is she leaving if she is such a miracle?"

"A little dispute," answered Gertrude, "that went just a trifle too far."

"Does she talk?"

"No. I think she is very reticent."

Gertrude could not but admit the idea of the correct, the conventional Brown, accustomed to all the order and dignity of a great house, entering the service of the money-lender's daughter.

"Her pride is my good fortune. I liked her answer to my advertisement. I had to have somebody immediately. We had only Armenian servants. I must have some responsible person in my new home."

"But," said Gertrude, "surely you are not going to live alone with Jane Brown."

"Yes. She is to be my housekeeper."

Gertrude looked at the girl almost in consternation. Though her conception of Miss Elton as a helpless innocent, and some really nice, really beautiful, had been swept away by the young lady's talk, even yet she could not grasp the idea that she was confronted by an original who knew precisely what she wished to do, and how to do it.

"You will find that very lonely," she cried in exasperation.

"I should be lonely anywhere without my

father," was the soft answer; "and, after all, it is only the idle who have time to be lonely."

"But my dear Miss Elton, oughtn't you to have somebody about you of a different sort than Jane Brown?"

"You forget," said this frank young lady, in a matter-of-fact way, "that I have no social position of any kind. I do not live in a world of chaperons. Why should I go through the farce of having about me what you ladies call an abedragon, or a tame cat? Nobody cares what I do; how, or where I live, or whether my actions are conventional."

"Oh," cried Gertrude eagerly, "you cannot understand, Miss Elton, how hard you are making life for yourself."

"I have chosen my path; it is one I must walk alone."

"I gather," she said, "that you will have a good deal of money. You are a nice girl, Miss Elton, if I may speak to you so frankly. You could surround yourself with nice friends. I should like to be one, if you would let me. How can I, if you are going to fly in the face of all the rules that I have been brought up with?"

"Thank you for saying that," cried Miss Elton, with the sound of tears in her voice, as again she impulsively leaned forward and pressed the hand of the more self-contained English girl.

There was a kind of infantile pleading for a suspended judgment in Miss Elton's manner. She seemed again for an instant to Gertrude a child, an impossible path in sheer ignorance of its dangers and its difficulties. She closed her eyes to readjust her vision to realities. Sole executrix, sole legatee, arbitress of the fate of Hughie Mordaunt—that was the sub-conscious thought always in the mind of Gertrude; that was the standpoint from which to regard Miriam Elton.

"Do you know," continued the latter, "that I have had no regrets, no doubts, until this hour? I shall never forget, Miss Gascoyne, that you offered me, of your own free will, a friendship which for your sake I cannot accept. In my new home—"

"And where will that be? I infer that you are going to remain in London?"

"Oh, yes—my father bought the long lease of a house some time ago. We had just completed, or almost completed, our change of residence, when he was taken ill. I shall not go back to the old house at all. Its memories are too sad for me. In Park-lane—"

"Park-lane—you are going to live there?"

"Yes. I have a sweetly pretty house there. I chose it, but not for any snobbish reason. I took it because it is the most beautiful situation in London."

"And you are going to live there," said the astonished Gertrude, "with Jane Brown as a housekeeper, and without a chaperon? Oh, my dear girl, will you put some sense into your head. I do not know a great deal about this big, cruel London—I prefer the country and the open air—but I do know that you will get most awfully talked about."

The downright Gertrude put the disagreeable statement as bluntly as she could. Her interest in her regular acquaintance grew with each moment. "Continue to wisher heads than mine advise you," she continued. "There's Lady Chetnoles—she knows this London, and she has, oh, the kindest heart. She would consent to see you—or there's my sister-in-law. They will all tell you the same, they will tell you that you are rushing blindfold into every kind of unpleasantness."

Miss Elton was deeply touched by such display of earnest interest in her welfare; but she only shook her head resolutely.

"What have they?" she asked, "and such as they, to do with my life? I am a nobody. Never in all my life has a cup of tea, until to-day, been given to me in a drawing-room like this. The Methodist bazaar, at which you saw me, was the only social gathering of any kind that I have ever been present at. I am a thousand miles from your world, Miss Gascoyne."

"But you will come into it sometimes," cried Gertrude. "You will come and see me sometimes, quietly, won't you? I shall be so interested in the Park-lane experiment. I will come to you sometimes, if I may."

Gertrude hesitated as she uttered the words, which for her were so daring.

"I cannot come to you," answered Miss Elton, "and you will not come to me. How can a sister of Mr. Justice Gascoyne come to see a money-lender?"

"You cannot be held responsible for your father's occupation. London soon forgets. It thinks only of money nowadays; it does not care how it came. Miss Elton, you have plenty, and some lady of irreproachable standing—there are plenty who will be glad of the chance to come and take the nominal head of your household. That will solve most of the difficulties. It will enable me to ask you to let me be your friend. It will help you to keep your nice girl—nice girl—not exorbitant, or smart, or anything like that—just good sensible girls, who will help to make your life brighter. I will make Lady Chetnoles take you up—I will indeed."

Gertrude realised that she was plunging headlong into gulfs. She rather liked the sensation. But she bridled perceptibly when a despondent shake

of the head intimated refusal of so splendid an offer.

"I have chosen," answered Miss Elton in a tremulous voice. "I shall never forget your generous offer, Miss Gascoyne. I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness to-day; I shall think better of all the world after this afternoon. I shall always be your friend, if that word may mean one who is always ready, who will always be eager, to serve you in any way she can. But you cannot be my friend. My father's business will not be forgotten; for I am going to continue it."

The stupefied listener could only sit and stare. "Yes," continued Miss Elton, speaking with a proud, defiant emphasis, "I shall continue to be a money-lender."

Miss Gascoyne sat bolt upright in her chair, and the temperature of the room seemed to have fallen several degrees.

"I shall explain," continued Miss Elton, rising as she spoke, "more to you than to any other human being. I have counted the cost. I know all that it means. I take up my burden with the full knowledge and consent of my dead father. He did not care for money—neither do I. I do not carry on his business for that. There is another, a higher, motive. I must not say more, even to you. What I have said, I ask you to keep as a secret between us. You see—that with a bitter smile—it does not do for a money-lender to be known to have any kindly feeling, any hopes, ambitions, or ideals. My father posed to all the world as a man of iron heart, a miser, who never forgave a debt of a shilling. I knew him as the gentlest and tenderest of fathers, and there are thousands in the world to-day who are blessing an unknown benefactor."

The girl stopped suddenly, as though fearful of extending her confidence too far. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she continued: "But what matter my motives? I am a money-lender—and henceforth beyond the pale!"

So saying she bowed, and turned towards the door.

Miss Gascoyne rose abruptly from her chair and came swiftly over to her, and placed a hand on her arm. She hardly seemed conscious of what she was saying. She panted for breath as she vainly tried to utter some words. When at last they came, Miss Elton could not understand them all. She caught one, however.

"Thank you," she whispered; "you give me one little chance to show you how much I think of what you have said to me to-day. Nobody shall ever know from me. He shall be spared."

Then the reticent, the self-contained Miss Gascoyne, who held herself, and her social position, and her brother's distinguished reputation, and her fine old family, in no light repute, suddenly flung her arms round the money-lender, who was going to keep house in Park-lane without a chaperon, put her head on the latter's shoulders, and burst into tears.

That was the extraordinary scene witnessed by the mistress of the house as she softly opened the door.

"Stop at the first public telephone call office," said Miss Elton to her coachman as she stepped into his brougham. There was a large telephone-crat in the manner of the command. Miss Elton had already recovered from the softening influence of a conversation which had been inexpressibly sweet to her.

When the carriage stopped, this business-like young lady went swiftly in, and cast sharp glances about the shop. Satisfied that no one was peeping near, she closed the door of the telephone box and called up a certain firm of solicitors with the celerity of one who understood all the mysteries of the telephone.

"I am Miss Elton," she said, "speaking from a public call office. Call me up in one hour at Park-lane, and tell me that when I am away directing has been done. Five days ago, my father sent me sick-bed the names of some twenty persons against whom you were instructed to take prompt legal action."

"His lamented demise," came back the response, "has prevented our doing anything in the matter."

"I assumed that," answered Miss Elton. "His will will be proved to-morrow. I am the executrix, as you know. I wish everything to proceed as he directed with one exception. Among the papers sent you, you will find a note of hand of Mr. Hugh Mordaunt—write it down, please, that there may be no mistake. Kindly return that note to me, and take no proceedings. That matter has been settled privately. That is all, thank you. Good-bye."

Miss Elton hung up the receiver, and hurried back to her brougham.

"Home, please—as fast as you can. I am late for an appointment."

"I must not think of her," she said to herself with set lips; "it will upset me. I shall need all my strength in ten minutes."

There came a hard look into the beautiful face, as the exquisite little figure in black sat upright in the carriage with an air of uncompromising sternness.

She found the Park-lane house in a state of great confusion.

"I have seen Miss Gascoyne, Brown," she said to the imperturbable servant, "and she gives me a most excellent account of you. You may regard everything as settled. Is a Mr. Somerton waiting for me?"

"Yes, miss, in the library—the only room that I could get ready."

Miss Elton hurried along to the indicated room and flung open the door.

"My darling—at last!" cried Mr. Harold Somerton, as he came forward and extended his arms.

Miss Elton drew back.

(To be continued.)



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CHAT WITH A CLEVER WOMAN JEWELLER WHO ACTUALLY SETS GEMS.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST.

COMPOSES SONGS AND MAKES LOVELY ORNAMENTS.

Professions for women are becoming more and more crowded every day, yet there is one that is still probably unique, and it is the calling pursued by Mrs. Dick, at 77, Ladbroke-road, London, W., or rather in the specially-equipped workroom that is situated conveniently near her abode.

Mrs. Dick is a jeweller. She makes the most beautiful necklaces, rings, pendants, ornaments for the hair, belts, buckles, and hatpins, as well as highly decorative caskets, hand-glasses, photograph frames, and other articles de luxe of this description. Numbers of these ornaments are executed in the richest possible enamelling, but it is not upon her skill in this direction that Mrs. Dick bases her belief that she is a woman alone in her handicraft. It is as a setter of diamonds and other precious stones that she is probably the only feminine worker in London.

Mrs. Dick works in her studio throughout the morning at her arduous craft. Artists in enamel will realise the enormous degree of mental anxiety as well as physical skill that is required during the



Baaver brown plush Eton, with revers of cream suede embroidered with mauve flowers and a suede vest and belt.

process of enamelling. For after the ornament has been designed, in itself a lengthy and difficult task requiring deep concentration and a knowledge of draughtsmanship; after the colours have been ground and mixed; after they have been applied to the ornament that is to be decorated with them, comes the final and decisive phase of the whole affair.

The enamel is now consigned to the furnace, and must be watched with the nicest possible degree of concentration, so that it may remain in the heat just to the fraction of a minute required for its consolidation. A second more than is necessary in heat at a given temperature is all that is required to spoil the work completely, so that the labour of months may be entirely stultified by ignorance or inattention during the last few moments of its completion. Fancy standing over a furnace in the glare and heat watching with anxious eyes the precious ornament that is being baked! Why, even the most artistic cooks know nothing of this form of tense anxiety.

In her less arduous moments Mrs. Dick turns to her piano and to her old love for musical composition, which the singing world already knows and appreciates so well. Mrs. Dick is the author of several very beautiful and popular songs, including "Spring is Here," "When Daffodils Unfold," and "Heather Bells."

Her Early Training.

She is a sister of Guy d'Hardelot, whose songs are so well known, and both ladies were brought up in France, so that it is perhaps to their early education and to their close connection with art that they owe some of their charming dexterity in song, and, in Mrs. Dick's case, in the designing and making of jewellery and the setting of gems. Admirers of Guy d'Hardelot's ballads "I Know a Lovely Garden" and "Became" will be interested to learn that for some time she occupied the historic house once the abode of the great Mrs. Siddons, near Regent's Park. Indeed, it was only in consequence of its having to be pulled down that Guy d'Hardelot relinquished her quaint and beautiful home and sought another in the neighbourhood.

Exquisitely beautiful are Mrs. Dick's enamels, as everyone who has seen them exhibited or who is lucky enough to possess them will readily agree. One of her larger pieces of work is a magnificent hand-mirror, the back of which is enamelled with the "hundred eyes" of a peacock's feathers. Another is a most artistic necklace in many exquisite enamels, an ornament that looks as if it might have been made centuries ago, when men laboured for years to produce one expression of beauty such as this.

Her pendant designs after old Italian models are famous, and their colours most vivid and beautiful. Perhaps the most becoming upon a bare throat is done in green and blue enamel, set with pearl drops, and worn hanging upon an invisible platinum chain.

Mrs. Dick's latest achievement is a most interesting one. She has discovered a way of so preparing and colouring horn that it bears the appearance of

the most delicate tortoiseshell, and looks quite as transparent. It is of a very pale and attractive amber shade, and she is making of it smart combs for the hair, beautiful pins, and other lovely ornaments. To prove how delicate the horn is after it has been prepared may be cited a dragon-fly design, the fragile wings of which are made of tinted horn and look as exquisitely diaphanous as they do in life.

It is quite certain that a novice in such matters would never be able to distinguish between a costly amber comb with a richly-decorated edge and one of Mrs. Dick's horn productions, wrought most daintily and artistically, and set with blister pearls or opals—gems that are more decorative than any others upon a background of this material, though enamels of radiant colourings may also be used with it with pronounced success.

Asked whether her occupation was not very trying to the eyes, Mrs. Dick admitted that it was.



Simple myrtle-green cloth or velvet dress made with a full skirt, a vandyck pale tan taffetas waistcoat, and ermine revers.

To set a ring with gems necessitates not only good sight, but a dexterous and highly-trained hand, and standing over the furnace means real hard labour. The hour's sleep this artist permits herself when she returns from her studio to her home and her children, before the domestic and social duties of the day begin, is indeed well earned. Then, too, in her piano she finds exquisite rest, and in her lovely song conceptions a species of repose that lovers of harmony will appreciate.

FLOATING VEILS.

Word comes from Paris that floating veils are destined to be worn this winter. From three to five yards of chiffon or lace are used for them, and sometimes one end of the veil is wound about the neck and fastened on the shoulder. The veil rarely comes near the face, and so is not a veil in actuality.

Black, brown, and champagne-coloured silk petticoats are very fashionable. They are modelled with two wide, pinked-out frills, in many instances supplemented by a trimming of coloured ribbon.

COSTLY LAYETTES.

BABIES WHO WEAR REAL LACE ON THEIR BIBBS.

The baby of to-day who is born with a golden spoon in his mouth is about the luckiest little infant it is possible to find. Certainly, with his luxurious and dainty attributes, if he only knew it, he is a veritable king in his own land.

Among the latest comfortable and picturesque additions to his layette are his cot and perambulator head-cushions; not that he has lacked these necessities up till now, but a new vogue for providing him with beautiful covers for those cushions has arisen. In the layette departments of the great London shops, the finest possible lawn slips, with sprays of embroidery and insertions and flourishes of real lace upon them are now being sold for the coverings of baby's pillow.

The newest bibbs for babies are made all of real lace or of white or cream washing silk embroidered with silk. The latter are scalloped round the edge or finished with a narrow edging of real Valenciennes lace, and are given an interlining of flannel, so that no chill may result to their wearer.

It is great pleasure to a young mother to trim the wicker basket in which baby's toilet belongings are to be kept. Such a basket is usually adorned with fine spotted muslin posed upon pink, blue, or the palest amber silk, and it should contain a powder-box and puff, a little porcelain pot of vaseline or some other cream, a wee hair-brush of the softest description with a silver back, and for the nurse's use a pin-cushion and needle-book.

The loveliest fleecy white wool sleeping suits are being sold for children of a larger growth than mere babies, and lamb's wool is the newest fabric for their dainty bath and dressing-gowns.

NO TROUBLE.

Promotions Are Easy When Your Brains Work.

A young man who earned a fine position tells how food helped him:

"In January, 1902, I was engaged as a book-keeper for a large publishing house where the work was trying and hours so long I gradually broke down under the strain."

"My brain seemed thick, and I lost the good health that I once claimed. I was compelled to resign my position, feeling that a good rest was needed."

"After three weeks' recreation I accepted a position as assistant cashier with a large manufacturing concern, feeling that the work would not be so hard mentally, and that the change would be for the best."

"It took just two days to convince me I had undertaken a task beyond the power of my over-worked and underfed brain, and I had decided to again resign, disgusted with myself and the work in general. That day I met a friend whose counsel I asked before taking the step. After I had related my troubles to him, he said, 'Eat Grape-Nuts, my boy.'"

"I looked on his remark as a joke at the time, but by the time I reached home I had thought it over, and determined to give Grape-Nuts food a trial, and the next day found it on my table. The food seemed to give me new life from the start, and gradually a great power for work became evident. It increased from day to day, my brain became active, and my capacity for mental work unlimited. My duties at the office that at first seemed beyond all my capability are now accomplished with precision, accuracy, and pleasure. Last month I was promoted to the position of cashier amid the congratulations of my friends. I attribute my success to those wonderful little grains of food—Grape-Nuts—and to all I repeat a motto that is worthy of thought: 'Eat Grape-Nuts, my boy.' Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

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instead of porridge.

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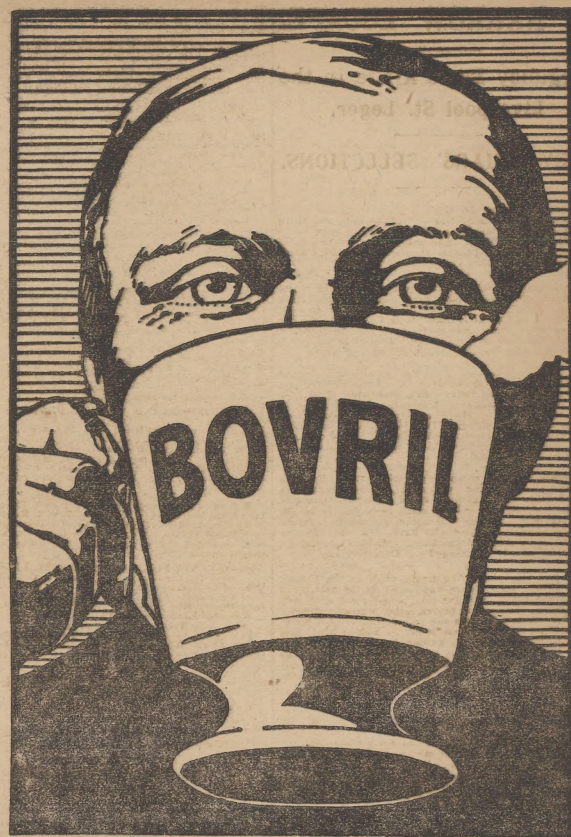
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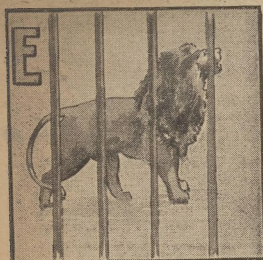
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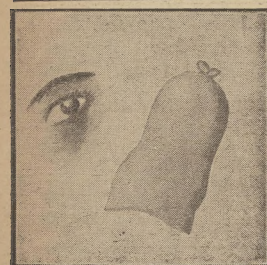
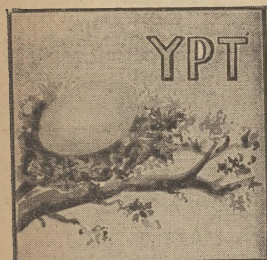
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This picture illustrates a forthcoming incident in the Rev. Silas K. Hocking's Great Story, "The Flaming Sword," which starts in "The Sunday Companion" for November 12. The title of this picture consists of only two words, which will appear in "The Sunday Companion" for November 12 and November 19. The reader who sends in the correct title of two words will get the £20 prize. For instance, if the title was "Running Quickly," you would find the first word, "running," in the opening chapters of "The Flaming Sword" in "The Sunday Companion" for November 12, and the second word, "quickly" in the instalment of the story appearing in "The Sunday Companion" for November 19. Of course "Running Quickly" is not our title, but is only given to illustrate our meaning.

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